



Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man.

**THE BALDWIN AND SUMMER APPLE.**  
The Baldwin apple is remarkable for several qualities. Here in the north it is a quick grower, and hardy—greater heart, and the apple is among our best keeping winter apples. The tree will bear almost any kind of neglect and abuse, and hence is a favorite with many who have no particular taste about fruit.

In the Western States this same Baldwin is a fall apple, and we have recently seen the report of a fruit Committee, who examined the fruit exhibited at the late fair at Marion, in the State of Georgia who among the summer apples enumerated, mention the Baldwin. They state that at the south it ripens before autumn; the tree there bears well, and produces good crops of flavored fruit.

According to this you may have Baldwins almost the whole year, by sending to Georgia you may get it as a summer apple, and here to Ohio you can get it as a fall apple, and here in Maine it is a bona fide winter, and among the best.

For the Main Farmer.

**ABOUT PEARS, THEIR HARDIHOOD, &c.**

Mr. Editor:—About a month ago I read an editorial article in the Banner extolling native varieties of the pear, and visiting a wholesale establishment upon the foreign varieties, "especially from European nurseries, with unpronounced French names, common in the sale nurseries of New England, especially pears dwarfed on quince stocks."

My attention has been directed for the last few years to the cultivation, in theory and practice, of the very kind of pear trees that I mentioned, the practices limited, however, to a few trees. With these, I have had success, in entire exemption from injury by climate, and in obtaining rapid growth and abundant bearing of fruit; success remarkable per se, still more so in contrast with trees of some and other varieties that I have seen.

What do you think of Mr. D.'s notion about having the Fulton "free from admixture with other stocks?"

Ans. If he means that varieties will mix by grafting, it is simply absurd. The leaf is what secures identity, and when you can mix two leaves, two leaflets so as to combine in one the properties and peculiarities of both, I want to learn the process. Mixture is by seed alone, and the product is a new variety, not either of the old ones. Disease may be communicated to a scion by an unhealthy stock in which it is set, but effects no change that the same disease would not have caused in the original tree whence the scion was taken. Perhaps Mr. D. only meant that having seen from the original Fulton that it was free from such disease; but he must work them on healthy stocks to keep them.

Another item might be put in, and that is, a greater exemption from disease, and the longer life the mule lives and remains active over what the horse does. We never heard of a mule killed by heat, as horses often are.

**POTATO ROT.**

The continued presence of this disease among the "Murphys," makes it a continued subject of discussion among farmers. The discussion, however, only serves to demonstrate the fact that almost as much, if not quite as much, uncertainty and doubt hangs over the question, as it regards the cause, as ever.

We have done conjecturing on this point, and confine ourselves at present to the detail of experiments and the results, hoping that something will be elicited that will finally be found effectual in staying this plague of the potato field.

The last number of the New England Farmer contains a communication from a writer in Danvers, Mass., who signs himself "P.," stating an account of the trial of common turnips, used as a manure for potatoes on the farm of Gen. Sutton of Salem. We abstract the following from his statement:

"The entire field was plowed the last autumn, with the Michigan soil and subsoil plow, to the depth of about nine inches, and manured with compost in like manner throughout. In the spring it was furrowed deep, and the potatoes were dropped in continuous rows. On one side of the field the potatoes were covered with tan, before the dirt was put over them, taken directly from the tannery; on the other side, no tan was applied. In all other respects they were treated alike. When I first saw them, the vines throughout appeared healthy and vigorous, the only difference was, where the tan was applied, they were higher than the others. This was explained upon the supposition that during the dry weather of June and July, the tan had checked the evaporation from the earth below, and the soil that had been covered by the subsoil, and thereby aided the growth of the potato. At this time, when I looked at them, on that part of the field where no tan was applied, the vines were completely fallen and discolored, presenting a gloomy aspect. Where the tan was applied, the vines are still green and luxuriant—only here and there a sprout otherwise—probably where the tan did not completely cover. What is to be the result of the application of the tan upon the tubers when the crop is matured? Perhaps they will all be tainted with the rot, as most other fields in this vicinity now give indications of being. I state the facts, that the curious in these matters may look for themselves, while the crop is in the field."

**GRASSHOPPERS.**

In the many sections of our State, and in many States West and South, we hear much complaint of the ravages done by the grasshoppers.

Can any one estimate the cost of keeping the grasshoppers of the United States, during the summer of 1853? Some of the natives of the African continent, where the locusts are plenty and destructive to the green herbage, make up the loss, by gathering and eating the locusts? Why wouldn't a dish of fried grasshoppers relish as well as fried locusts? Turkies have a very good opinion of grasshopper as an article of diet, and we should prefer to take them second handed, after having been assimilated into the form and flesh of a good fat gobbler.

For your corn bins in order, and guard well against rats and mice.

**TALL CORN, AND MODE OF RAISING.**

Mr. Editor:—I have seen something in your valuable paper about tall corn, grass, &c. Now Sir, I do not wish to boast over my friend Hammon of China, but we have some corn in our town, which is a little taller than his. I measured one stalk in my field, which was nine feet and ten inches; the average height would not be so much. Corn is doing very well this year, and is getting a very large growth; this seed was raised in Winstrop. I had the seed of Gustavus Benson Esq., and find it to be first rate. Much has been written with regard to the best method of raising corn. Some think

some half a dozen or more *reputed* natives, which have all proved to be one and the same; and that an old foreign variety, and a rejected one. I have had it from New Hampshire as the *Idiot*, the *Dorr*, and the *Sugar*, and from various parts of this State, as the *Jackson*, the *Oxford*, &c. Collo describes it as the *Dorr*; it is hardy and productive, and, if you eat it at right moment, tolerable in quality; but nobody knows what a good ear would culivate.

But for a few years I have adopted a different course. I plow my ground in the spring, but before plowing I scatter my green manure on the grass ground, and plow it in as deep as it is convenient, say from eight to 10 inches, then harrow until it is mellow, then turn over and manure as before, and the result is, I get as much one-fourth more in the land, with the same amount of labor.

What are the hardest sorts of fine quality?

Ans. Fine *Wife* first, and then *Bourre de Amalis*, *Bourre Rose*, *Louise bon de Jersey*, *Urbainiste*, *Passé Colmar*, *Belle Lueuvante*, *Gloire Moreau*, and a dozen others.

Would it not be advisable to give other names to the unromantic ones?

Ans. There is no objection in that I know of except the causing of more confusion of names, and of that there is enough now. After all, the names are no worse than are given to foreign articles of dress, and these don't prevent ladies from buying and wearing the dresses, and speaking their names. For my part, if a name is unromantic, I am content to leave it on the label, and put the fruit in my mouth instead of the label, and put the fruit in my mouth instead of the label.

Are there any native pears harder than the Fulton?

Ans. Yes. The *Oswego Beurre* is hardier and promises to be very valuable. The *Lorraine* is another. The *Ondonga* is very hardy; in fact nearly all are hardy enough on dry soil's. With these, I have had success, in entire exemption from injury by climate, and in obtaining rapid growth and abundant bearing of fruit; success remarkable per se, still more so in contrast with trees of some and other varieties that I have seen.

What do you think of Mr. D.'s notion about having the Fulton "free from admixture with other stocks?"

Ans. If he means that varieties will mix by grafting, it is simply absurd. The leaf is what secures identity, and when you can mix two leaves, two leaflets so as to combine in one the properties and peculiarities of both, I want to learn the process. Mixture is by seed alone, and the product is a new variety, not either of the old ones. Disease may be communicated to a scion by an unhealthy stock in which it is set, but effects no change that the same disease would not have caused in the original tree whence the scion was taken. Perhaps Mr. D. only meant that having seen from the original Fulton that it was free from such disease; but he must work them on healthy stocks to keep them.

Now the idea of "soon finding both money and labor lost" in this operation was in no way agreeable, especially as the drainage and other preparation of the land had cost much more than the trees. Yet the editor of the Banner says such must be the result, and he is regarded as authority in pomological science to good effect if right, as he is too influential to pass uncorrected when in error.

I had bought my trees of Mr. S. L. Goodale of the Sao nursery, having confidence in his knowledge of varieties and of horticulture generally. His arguments had confirmed my own views, and induced me to extend my plantation of dwarf pears; so I felt justified, when visiting his nursery recently, in calling up those arguments, and confronting him with the Banner article. He replied that his attention had been called to it previously by a gentleman from Bath, and he was not a little surprised that Mr. Drew should have written an article giving such erroneous views, for it abounded in them, and it was difficult to say whether the errors of fact or of theory were the more numerous. When it was suggested that he should write a reply, Mr. G. answered that his trees were telling a better story than his pen could. The trees referred to, and among which we were conversing, were hundreds in number, and as thrifty and vigorous as I had seen in any of the Middle or Northern States. They were of the same size, if not larger, than the Fulton, having been recently grafted or budding, carrying with them the same degree of hardihood, no more and no less.

There was much more said that I cannot repeat, the best perhaps forgotten, and the foregoing doing no service for Mr. G.'s remarks. At your service, for the waste barrel, if not for a few more.

In the article under notice, the editor says—*"We have a small nursery under way, and are determined to have none but the best Maine pears it. Then we can recommend what we know about, and nobody will be deceived."*

It quite satisfied me that they could and had wistfully the rigors and changes of our climate, and might yield a highly satisfactory return for money and labor expended on them, instead of a loss of both.

During our walk among the trees, Mr. Goodale made many remarks upon their culture and kindred topics that were interesting to me, as coming from one who has a practical knowledge of the art of horticulture, and whose teachings and practice are consistent, and guided by all the light that science has yet thrown upon this art. Some of your readers might find an interest like my own in his remarks, and I have noted in a conversational form the substance of the most important, particularly those applicable to the much talked of subject of native varieties of fruit—and constituting a reputation of what I consider grave error in the article referred to from the Banner.

Do you really think native pears to be no harder than the foreign sorts?

Ans. Doubtless, as a general rule they are hardier, and just because the tender ones are killed off while young, and so what are left are hardy. The fact of a tree growing from seed in any particular place, only shows it to be hardy enough for that place. Twenty rods distant it might have perished for lack of the shelter of a fence, or trees, or a snow drift; or, because of a wet subsoil which is the worst enemy to fruit culture in this State without exception.

Even the Bartlett, which is the tenderest variety that I cultivate, stands well on soil that has been thoroughly drained four feet deep, and on the same ground where I once lost 500 trees in a winter before draining.

Does the Fulton prove hardy with you?

Ans. Hardly enough on dry subsoil. It is good enough, too, but no better than in Massachusetts or New York, and not so large as there.

What do you know of the other varieties which Mr. Drew speaks of—the Chandler and the Robbins?

Ans. I don't know either, but I do know that

**SEPTEMBER.**

Map of the Autumn! blith September! thou Comest with boon and blessing to mankind, Crocus and dahlia grace thy swarthy brow, And the groves ring with sweetest notes, combined To welcome thee. Thrush, blackbird, woodlark find Again their voices, pouring their wild song Through soaring leaves high rustling to the wind, The Boreas breath now waving keen and strong!

Away! blithe month! far over the heather hills Thou boundest, where the whirling of the grous invites the fatal shot—by the rifle.

Look! the sun—where the partridge house Whiles young amid the scrubble. There thy voice Resounding, bids the sparrow's heart rejoice.

But woe! thy joy the country's grateful heart Feels for the blessing Providence hath pour'd Abundantly, wherever Ceres' art Invoked the muser of all Nature's Lord . . .

Dire Famine hath departed, with the horse's eyes in his brain; and plenty crowns The noble land which always can afford Manumisce, to close want's withering frowns. Then welcome, halo September! to our clime, To yeoman's homestead as to princely dome! Peasants and free Albion's broad submarine Rises, unshod, o'er ocean's broad brim.

Ever be thus her blazon without blot, And honor sanctify her honestest dust!

BRADLEY SYLVESTER.

Wayne, August 3, 1853.

NOTE. The above was mislaid or it would have appeared earlier. [Ed.]

**HARVESTING POTATOES.**

The idea has generally prevailed that potatoes, especially those grown on low and moist lands, are essentially benefited by exposure to the sun and air before removing them to the bins. This, however, experience has long since demonstrated to be a fallacy. The sooner potatoes are in the cellar, or protected from the sun's rays, after they are removed from the hills, the better, and the roots of earth and other plants take hold more readily, and get much earlier to ripen.

BRADLEY SYLVESTER.

EATING FRUIT.

Fresh apples, peaches, and other fruits, are the edibles which nature has provided for the season, and which, if moderately indulged in, are as healthful as they are palatable. An unbounded prejudice exists, in the minds of many persons, against eating fruits in summer. But the fact is, that in France and other European countries, fruit is the almost sole article of food at this season, and that, instead of any deleterious consequences resulting, the highest state of health is maintained on such a regimen, ought to be sufficient to explode so senseless a notion.

We have the testimony of numerous American physicians, that the eating of fruit at breakfast, as is done in France, is very conducive to health at this season. Indeed, fruit appears to be peculiarly fitted for the digestive organs during the hot summer months, when other edibles, that may be enjoyed with impunity in winter, frequently bring on disease.

Another very popular error, and one no less productive of bad consequences, is the supposition that the tubers should be scrupulously cleaned from dirt, the presence of which, in even so small quantity, is considered by many to be the radical cause of their becoming watery and unfit for food. Any one, however, who will take the trouble of experimenting, may easily satisfy himself that such is not the case; and that potatoes which have been thoroughly cleaned by washing or drying, or indeed by any process which effectively rinses them of soil, will exhibit symptoms of decay, and become unfit for use, or for culinary purposes, much sooner than those which have not.

In many sections it is a common practice with farmers to select a portion of their best and most perfectly matured and developed tubers, and pack them carefully and compactly in barrels, filling the spaces between the roots with soil, cool and moist. The barrels thus filled, are placed in some dark corner of the cellar, where they remain undisturbed till late the following year.

Every observing farmer must have noticed that the potatoes that are "crowded out" from the sides of hills, or which are found so near the surface as to be frequently exposed by heavy rains washing away the soil, always turn green, and when cooked, have a sweet, coppery taste, which is extremely nauseating and unpleasant. This is always a result of exposure to solar action; it concentrates a principle which the potato contains in conjunction with many others of a nutritive nature, into an active poison, and hastens greatly the decay and decomposition of the roots. As soon as they are taken from the soil, they should be placed in water, and nothing else.

It is a long time required to acclimate foreign pear trees? Mr. Drew says here that it takes several life times to do it, but does not say whether of the tree or of the grower of it.

Ans. And it matters not which he intended.

Hardihood, that is, the ability of a tree to withstand cold is a characteristic of the tree, as much as the form or flavor or time of ripening its fruit is, and was decided before the seed from which it was produced ever sprouted to grow, just as much as the peculiar properties of a white oak tree were decided during the formation of the acorn from which it grew.

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# THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.



AUGUSTA:  
THURSDAY MORNING, SEPT. 15, 1853.

## STATE ELECTION.

The annual election for State Officers, took place on Monday last. At the early hour at which we go to press, it will be impossible for us to give more than the general result of the election. The returns already received would seem to indicate no choice of Governor by the people.

In this city the following votes were thrown. We present the vote by Wards.

Wards	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Pilsbury,	118	73	91	73	60	51	29
Crosby,	77	107	62	32	43	61	74
Morrill,	21	21	27	4	5	9	4
Holmes,	3	7	3				

For Representatives,

L. M. Morrill,	137	92	101	70	65	53	30
J. A. Thompson,	123	88	98	73	64	52	29
S. Titcomb,	88	121	88	35	43	68	77
W. H. Wheeler,	87	115	78	34	44	67	76

The vote for Governor in this city, foots up as follows:—

Pilsbury, 404; Crosby, 456; Morrill, 91; Holmes, 20.

The following are the representatives elected, as far as heard from:—

Augusta—Lot. M. Morrill and James A. Thompson, dem.

Bangor—John B. Hill and G. W. Inger-soll, w.

Bath—W. Kendall, w.

Bowdoinham—J. Fulton, w.

Bloomfield—Snow, w.

Belfast—W. Johnson, w.

Biddeford—James Welsh, w.

Brewer—Baker, dem.

Bowdoin—Wilson, w.

Brunswick—Chas. J. Gilman, w.

Bucksport—Swazey, w.

Bradley—Eddy, dem.

Buxton—James Morton, w.

Cape Elizabeth, &c.—W. Dingley, w.

Calais—Noah Smith, w.

Corinth—French, dem.

Ellsworth—J. H. Jordan, dem.

Frankfort—Gunnison, w.

Fayette—Moses Hubbard, w.

Falmouth—Glind Moody, w.

Freeport—E. Wells, w.

Gorham—Chas. Paine, w.

Gardiner—John Berry, Jr., w.

Hallowell—Henry K. Baker, w.

Hampden—Walker, dem.

Herman &c.—Greenleaf Wing, dem.

Kennebunkport—Stone, w.

Kirkland—Ball, w.

Lyman, &c.—Waterhouse, w.

Monmouth—Wm. G. Brown, w.

Norridgewock—John S. Abbot, w.

New Gloucester, &c.—John Sawyer, w.

Orono, &c.—Smith, Pilsbury, dem.

Oldtown—J. H. Hilliard, dem.

Pittston—U. B. Fuller, w.

Portland—W. P. Fessenden, John M. Wood,

South C. Chase, w.

Portland—Samuel Bliss, w.

Paris, &c.—Mark H. Durrell, w.

Rockland—N. A. Burro, w.

Readfield—A. S. Santori, w.

Saco—Abraham Cutler, dem.

South Berwick, &c.—John Hanscom, dem.

Topham—Moses Whittemore, w.

Vassalboro—W. Merrill, w.

Waterville—Joah Harriman, dem.

Windham—David Clary, w.

Westbrook—Geo. Libby, dem.

Wells—N. M. Hatch, dem.

Yarmouth—Sylvanus C. Blanchard, w.

We shall be able to give the result in our next.

An Extra from the Journal Office of Tuesday noon, states that as far as heard from, there are 36 whigs, 23 democrats, and five or six free soilers elected. The returns are from ninety towns, and indicate that Pilsbury is defeated by a large majority. The Whig Senators are elected in Kennebec and Lincoln County, and probably two in Cumberland. Penobscot elects coalition senators. From present appearances, the Journal thinks the Whigs have carried the House, and consequently the government.

COUNTRY AG. SOCIETY FAIRS IN MAINE.

York, at Alfred, Oct. 5 and 6.

Cumberland, at Portland, Oct. 19 and 20.

West Lincoln, at Lewiston, Oct. 6.

Lincoln, at Wiscasset, Oct. 5 and 6.

Kennebec, at Readfield Corner, October 12 and 13.

North Kennebec, at Waterville, Oct. 4 and 5.

South Kennebec, at Gardiner, Oct. 19 and 20.

West Somerset, at Madison Bridge, Oct. 5 and 6.

Penobscot, at —, September 28 and 29.

North Aroostook, at —, Oct. 12 and 13.

West Oxford, at Lovell, Oct. 19 and 20.

Pisquash, at Dover, Oct. 5.

Waldo, at Belfast, Oct. 12 and 13.

Washington, at Pembroke, September 27.

N. B. Will the Secretaries of the several societies furnish us with correct information of the time and place of their respective shows in order to fill up the above table?

HALLOWELL GAZETTE. Our friends of the Gazette have been sprucing up considerably within a week. The new volume begins with a new dress, and a right neat one, too, and a new head, which looks well though a little large. The Gazette is a good paper and very reliable for local news. We congratulate the publishers upon their good success, and wish they may always have a plenty of new dresses in the wardrobe, and a large circle of visiting acquaintances.

TABLE ROCK. It will be remembered that a large portion of this celebrated rock at Niagara Falls, fell a few months since. Visitors will remember it as giving one of the best views of the Falls from its surface. It is now entirely gone. A despatch from the Falls dated last Friday, says: "This morning at about 8 o'clock, the remains of Table Rock fell, with a tremendous crash. The projection is now all gone. No one is supposed to have been injured."

To CORRESPONDENTS. We have received a communication headed, "A few words on Canada." It will receive attention next week.

Several other favors are on hand and will be attended to as soon as possible. We wish our friends to bear in mind, that we shall always be pleased to receive accounts of any local events that may be generally interesting to our readers.

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For the Maine Farmer.  
CHEMISTRY, GEOLOGY, AGRICULTURE.  
BY PROF. JOHN LOCKE.

CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.

THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW.  
The time for this great show of horses is at last fixed. It will come off at Springfield, Mass., beginning on Wednesday, October 19, and continuing four days.

The Committee state that "It is designed to be a national exhibition, and inducements will be offered which, it is hoped and expected, will bring out horses from all sections of the Union, and from our Canadian neighbors on the north. The Committee have assurances, already, from various quarters, that this will be done."

The Committee have made arrangements with several of the railroads centering here to bring all horses designed for exhibition *free of charge*, and it is hoped that a similar arrangement may be made with railroads at a distance.

The exhibition is designed for purposes both of show and sale—considerations which, combined must prove immensely attractive."

Premiums are offered for the best horses, ranging from \$200 down to \$25, to be awarded to the best stallions, geldings, breeding mares, matched horses, fancy horses, colts, or draught horses, ponies, &c. The largest premium (\$200) is offered for the best stallion of seven years and over.

George Dwight is President of the Society. The ground selected for the exhibition is Armory Square of the hill, a place, says the Springfield Farmer, very well adapted to the purpose.

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Mr. Editor.—As a test of the per-sulphate of iron, I obtained some of the interior bark of the red or swamp maple, which, when first treated with the solution, scarcely changed color; but as the liquid became highly concentrated, the same experiment resulted in dying the bark as black as ink. Although this was done with the bark which Webster practised can-

not be a mean one: where our youth, who will teach may acquire a more thorough special preparation for their work, and at the same time be animated in their course, by the thought that the advantages they enjoy, are, in part, at least, a tribute to the memory of one, who from the humble post of teacher among these mountains, passed on to a career so eminent and glorious!

In a word, there are no men of wealth, lovers of learning, and admirers of Mr. Webster, who will establish at Fryeburg, a Webster Institute!

It will not be long before the school will be open, and the students will be ready to begin their studies.

Two practical questions present themselves. First, how can the poisonous effects of these sulphur salts be obviated? Second, can any use be made of them? Their poisonous effects can be overcome by the application of lime to the soils where they abound—the result being that the sulphuric acid will be transferred to the lime; when we shall have sulphate of lime, gypsum, oxide of iron, and simple alumina, a group of substances not only harmless but beneficial to vegetation and husbandry. The sorrel would disappear, and in its place, in consequence of the gypsum formed, clover would spring up in luxuriant abundance.

Second.—What use can be made of these decomposing rocks? Where they are sufficiently abundant, I venture to suggest that they be mixed with the ordinary stable manure, as an absorber and retainer of the ammonia which would be converted into the sulphate of ammonia, while the other effects would be the same as in the application of lime, viz.: peroxide of iron and simple alumina would be separated.

I have been quite as dry here, this summer, as in May, and the pastures upon the hills have suffered exceedingly; some of them looked as "grasses," before the rains came on, as they would if the fire had run over them. Along the valley of the Connecticut river we find some of the most beautiful intervals in New England; the scenery is splendid; the farm houses are neat and tidy, and the fences in good order, I saw some wire fence, but how they like it I am unable to say. Horses in this section are not as good as in Maine; at any rate I have found that a few good ones. The farmers here have not taken the pains with their orchards that has been taken with those in your section, but they have begun to wake up on the subject. The apple crop will be small this season. The holly crop about the same as in Maine. Corn looks finely, and there will be a fair crop.

I have been sojourning in this pleasant and quiet village for a few days. Dartmouth College is located here. It is a flourishing institution, and having a fine library, and a good collection of books.

There are no less than three hundred students in the College this term, besides fifty in the Medical department.

Hanover, N. H., Sept. 3d, 1853.

For the Maine Farmer.

GATHERED NEWS FRAGMENTS, &c.  
Crops in New Hampshire. The Exeter News Letter says of the crops in New Hampshire, that Indian corn will be the largest crop ever harvested in the State. Wheat and oats are as good as they ever have been, and probably a larger quantity of these grains is raised in the State this year than there has been in any former year. Potatoes are suffering from the rot, and in the vicinity of Exeter at least, the rot has, it is believed, committed more havoc in that in any former year.

Fugitives in Canada. The Kingston British Whig, noticing the large settlement of fugitive slaves in Canada, indulges in the following:

"It may be very well to rejoice when a slave makes his escape, but Canada is paying dearly for it's whistle. The western portion of the province is becoming literally filled up with the blacks, who threaten to do with the color of the rising population the very reverse of that which Sir Francis Bond Head said the missionaries did with the Indians. They whitened the complexion of the negroes—*the negroes will darken at the sight of the picaninnies.*"

A Revolutionary Relic. At the celebration of the massacre at Groton Heights, Conn., on Tuesday, 6th inst., the vest worn by the gallant Ledyard, the commander of the fort, when he fell by the sword of the Englishman, was exhibited. The rent made by the fatal thrust, tells us of a stooping posture, a succession of heavy blows, evidently from a sling shot or some other weapon, assailed him on the forehead, top of his head, inflicted upon him, and started at the appearance of a ditch, or water-course, crossing the road, causing a bundle of clothes in the carriage to fall out on the ground. Mr. Myers alighted to recover them, and was struck back with his fist, hearing knuckles knuckle by the blow. Upon this the assassin brought a very loud whistle, and the woman in the carriage heard others coming to his aid. Of this she informed Myers, who turned, and was climbing into the carriage, when his assailant seized him by the coat, rending it in twain, and taking therewith his pocket-book, which Mr. Myers contains valuable papers to a large amount. But he succeeded in getting into the carriage, by a lucky stroke, and planted his teeth firmly in his pantaloons, bringing him to a full stop and holding him until the officers came up and secured him.

Diamonds in Canada. The Quebec Mercury says that diamonds, as well as gold, are found at the Chaudiere mines. M. de Rottembourg has one of them "of the size of a fibber," and valued at £1200 to £1500.

Longevity of the Quakers. The late census returns in England reveal the singular fact, that the average age attained by the Quakers is fifty-one years two months and twenty-one days, while half of the population of this country die before reaching the age of twenty-one, and the average duration of life world over is but thirty-three years.</

# THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

## THE LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.

BY THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF MAINE.

### A PROCLAMATION.

The Commissioners chosen by the Legislature, under the "Resolve authorizing the purchase of the Massachusetts lands," having concluded a contract for the purchase of the same, on condition that said contract be ratified and confirmed by the Legislature of this State on or before the fifth day of October next, in compliance with the requirements of said Resolve, I hereby notify the respective Senators and Representatives to assemble at the State House, in Augusta, on Tuesday, the twenty-first day of September, instant, being the day appointed in said Resolution, at ten o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of receiving such communications as may then and there be made to them, and acting upon the contract aforesaid.

In testimony thereof have I caused the Seal

of the State to be hereunto affixed, and signed the same with my hand. Done at Augusta, this first day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty three.

WILLIAM G. CROSBY.

BY THE GOVERNOR : JOHN G. SAWYER, Secretary of State.

MOUNT WASHINGTON IN ITS GLORY. Friday of the week before last, Aug. 26th, was the great day of the year on Mount Washington. The splendor of the atmosphere, the grandeur that overalls the visitors on the summit counted one-hundred and sixty sail of vessels on the blue Atlantic. The spires of the churches in the city of Portland, 80 or 90 miles distant, were distinctly visible; over 40 lakes, including Winnipesaukee, and Moose Head, lay like gems of molten silver set in Emerald. For years such a day has been looked for, by the managers of our coast survey, and we presume a dozen representations were made from Mount Washington and other stations with those superb instruments. Professor Bache, of which one was brought from the sun, recommended the use of the American Eyes Eye Salvage.

FRANCE. Engineers and valuers are to be immediately spread over the country to take a valuation of the property as a basis for levying taxes, including the income-tax.

The receipts at the Dublin Exhibition are now close up to the pointing point—5000 to 9000 visitors is about the daily average.

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FRANCE. From France there is no news of interest.

SPAIN. The Espana publishes letters from Manila, June 12, containing accounts of the operations of Col. Mariano Oscarini, in the Sea of Japan, against the pirates who infested the seas, with 1000 heads from his steamer, he killed eighty of the pirates, took two hundred prisoners, and liberated thirty-three Christians from slavery.

ITALY. *Sardinia.* The Marquis Andre Tagliacarne, first Secretary of Legation at Brussels, was named Charge d'Affaires and Consul-General at Washington.

The Piedmontese Gazette quotes a letter from Spezia, dilating on the magnificence of the ball given to the reigning Queen of Piedmont by the officers of the Queen of Cumberland. "The Italian and American colors were everywhere where united, and says the paper, 'The Italian ladies had the pleasure of showing the Americans on the occasion equal their magnificence. Dancing commenced at 8 o'clock in the evening, and continued until half past 4 next morning. Among the Americans was the brave commander of the corvette St. Louis, which had arrived in the Gulf.'

THE EASTERN QUESTION. Intelligence from Constantinople, 19th instant, had reached Vienna. The Porte had accepted the collective note, and says the paper, "The Italian ladies had the pleasure of showing the Americans on the occasion equal their magnificence. Dancing commenced at 8 o'clock in the evening, and continued until half past 4 next morning. Among the Americans was the brave commander of the corvette St. Louis, which had arrived in the Gulf.'

CONFIRMING the above news, advices in London from Constantinople, say the note went through the mail of the Four Powers, but they require some alteration in the note that had been sent from Vienna. A Turkish courier is to proceed to that place on the 20th, with the note modified according to their wishes."

CONFIRMING the general tone of correspondence indicates that England is losing, from day to day, her credit, influence and popularity in the East, while France is gaining in the same proportion, from the firm attitude she has taken during the whole of these troubles.

MOROCCO. From Morocco, Aug. 9th, it is announced that the Emperor's forces had obtained a decided advantage over insurgents in the interior. Two of the rebel chiefs had been captured, and were beheaded at Maquines. The Emperor was still sick, and had sent for his eldest son, who acts as Viceroy, to return to the capital. On the coast there was a good deal of activity in commercial affairs. A British steamer had arrived at Larache, for the purpose of exploring the rivers of Morocco.

Texas. The latest accounts from Texas are to August 25th. The election returns were not yet in, but the result of the contest was known. The health of Galveston was good. No fever had appeared since the establishment of the quarantine. Three recent murders are reported: two by Lynch law and one by assassination. One of the victims was a negro, who murdered Mrs. Cooper, of Smith County, sometime ago. He was caught, and hung by a mob of some 500 persons. The general report about the crops is that they are uncommonly promising. Emigration, particularly to Laredo Co., is still to be had, and the right sort of men, wives, families and cattle. The State continues to be considerably assisted by railroad projects, especially that of the Pacific road, and stamp orators are traversing the State addressing the people on the subject.

LIFE-PRESERVING SEATS. All of the Sound and Connecticut river steamers, and six of the Southern Coast steamers, besides others running from this port have been supplied with life-preserving seats, manufactured by T. L. Randlett. Mr. Brown's Australian steamer, the America, is being fitted out with them, also Aspinwall's new Pacific steamer "San Francisco," and the latter vessel will take out a supply for steamers on the Western coast. The sea consists of little else than an air tight cylinder, furnished with longitudinal strips of wood, by which they may be easily grasped, and when placed in the water, are very buoyant.

N.Y. Journal of Commerce.

SEED DEATH. Joseph B. Mitchell, a sea captain, native of Freeport, Me., aged 32 years, came from Boston in one of the steamboats on Thursday and stopped at the Hatch House. He spent most of the day with his relatives here, he having two or three sisters in the city. He went to his room about 10 o'clock. One of the relatives, his daughter, Mrs. Brown, found him dead, Mr. Brown, who, upon forcing open the door, found him lying upon the floor dead, and entirely devoid of clothing, but with a towel in a hand. A coroner's inquest was immediately summoned. The jurors, after a thorough and careful inquiry and examination reported, that in their opinion he came to his death in consequence of an affection of the heart.

Bangor Mercury.

OFFICERS IN TROUBLE. It is stated that two Boston officers fell into a trap of their own making a few days since, by which operation one of them enjoyed a short imprisonment within stone walls. The Boston Association for detecting counterfeits, despatched two of their officers to Canada to purchase of a gang known to exist there some counterfeit bills, for the purpose, if possible, of obtaining legal proof sufficient to prosecute the counterfeitors. They went as ordered, played the part of rogues very well, and obtained the bills.

ENTRIES DEPICTIONS ON FREIGHT TRAINS. We learn from a Concord correspondent of the Boston Journal, that, for several months past, the Northern, Vermont Central, and Passumpsic Railroad Company have missed articles of freight, conveyed on their transportation cars. They have paid to the consignors, from time to time, considerable amounts for these losses, amounting in all to between \$2000 and \$3000, it is said. Mr. Stearns, the Superintendent, conjecturing that the articles were stolen, has been unwise in his endeavor to ferret out the thieves. A few weeks ago he took a train on suspicion; but it being pretty evident that there was a gang of older rascals engaged in the business he was discharged, on making certain developments, which, it was believed, would lead to the detection of some of them. A strict watch was placed at several of the principal depots, which, a few nights ago, detected two boys named Welsh and Pilsbury, while stealing from the cars at Franklin. After examination, it was learned that the boys belonged to the Barre, Vt., family. They implicated a man named Ardin, residing in this city and London. He also has been arrested and committed for trial. Upon searching the house, a large number of stolen articles were discovered. Among other things, was a book and a quantity of tickets, stolen some time from the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad, at Meriden. A number of wrenches, and implements for breaking doors, were also found.

ANDRE LEROY, NURSEMAN, ANGERS, FRANCE.

THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON. Wm. C. Bryant, the poet, has recently visited the tomb of Napoleon in the Church of the Invalides, Paris, which has just been completed. He says:

"The fever is on the decline,—whether permanently or not, we cannot as yet tell; but as the material is very nearly exhausted, it is presumed that the list of interments will show a continued and progressive decrease; but it will not be less dangerous for unaccustomed persons to come here before frost. The ravages of the fever have been truly terrible. Whole families have been swept away by it. The end of the season, with a change of woe, seems not to have been seen or heard for many years."

[Gloucester Telegraph.]

FEVER IN CALAIS. Calais Me., Sept. 5. Three dwelling houses and one two-story building, occupied as stores and dwellings, together with their contents, were destroyed by fire on Sunday morning. The house was out at 3 o'clock, and was started by one of two men, who had gone to sleep while endeavoring to light his pipe with a match. Both were so badly burned before they were rescued that they died about one o'clock the same day. The loss of property is estimated at about \$8000.

[New Bedford Mercury.]

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## The Muse.

### THE DAY DREAM.

By TOM MORSE.

They both were hushed, the voice, the chords;  
I heard but now that watching lay;

And few the notes and now the words.  
My spell-bound memory brought away.

Traces remembered here and there,  
Like echoes of some broken strain—

Links of sweetest lost in air,

That nothing now could join again.

Even these, too, are the morning, dead;

And, though the charm still lingered on,

That o'er each sense her song had shed,

The song itself was faded—gone,

Gone, like the thoughts that once were ours,

On Summer days, ere youth had set;

Thoughts bright, we know, as summer flowers,

Though what they were we now forget.

In vain with hints from other strains,

I woed this transient air to come;

As birds are taught, on eastern plains,

To leave their wider kindred home.

In vain—the song that sappho gave,

In dying, to the mournful sea,

No master sleep beneath the wave

Than this within my memory.

At length, one morning, as I lay

In that half-waking mood, when dreams

Unwittingly at last give way

To the full truth of daylight's beams,

A face—the very face, methought,

From which had breathed, as from a shrine

Of song and soul, the notes I sought—

Came with it musing close to mine,

And sang the long lost measures o'er—

Each note and word, with every tone,

And look that lent its life before—

All fresh—still again my own.

Like parted souls, when 'mid the blast

They meet again—each widowed sound

Through memory's realm had winged in quest

Of its sweet mate, till all were found.

Nor even in waking did the clue;

Thus strangely caught, escape again;

For never lack its matins knew.

So well as now I know this strain.

And oft, when memory's wondrous spell

Is walked in our quiet bower,

I sing this lady's song and tell

The vision of that morning hour.

## The Story-Teller.

From the Olive Branch.

### THE BACHELOR'S WARD.

By CAROLINE T. NORRIS.

"So my sanctum is to be invaded, my boudoir stiled, my slippers displaced, my authority as lord and master of this hitherto quiet mansion disputed by a school girl—mis-nit out of her teens—a perfect mess, no doubt, of ringlets, muslins, silks, and sighs, mingled with romances, love, sex, signs, and beaux. Oh! dear! my doo is sealed. Farewell to newspapers, cigars and maps. Why, in the name of all that's ridiculous, did my friend chose to leave this terrestrial globe without his churning daughter; or why did he not bequeath the dear creature to some other mortal than myself?"

Edward Wilson, or as he was familiarly known among his bachelors, Ned Wilson, scowled savagely at an unsmiling letter that lay on the physician of an old chum of his who had died recently, and contained his dying wish that he would protect his only child. He wrote, though rather ungraciously, and stated that she should be welcome, and hearing a tremendous sigh, growled out—

"To think that after enjoying thirty-five years of unrestrained freedom, one of that sex I have so carefully shunned, as I would my own trouble, to be good for nothing excepting to teach men patience—and doubtless my private letters and accoumts will serve for curl papers for her ludyship, and she will torment me with novels and lap-dogs: and dress-makers, milliners, and dry goode clerks will besiege the house from morning till night; and I shall be talked deaf about fashions and jewelry."

Ned groaned inwardly at the dismal prospect before him, and his round, good-natured face grew long, and assumed such a forlorn and dolorous expression, that when the old lady who acted as housekeeper, came in with tea and toast, she stopped short, and hastily setting down her load, with a very sympathetic and affectionate air, exclaimed—

"La! sir, what is the matter? Has anything gone wrong, or anybody dead?"

He shook his head, and in a very melancholy and lugubrious tone, said—

"Everything, and everybody, my good woman."

Not exactly comprehending this very laconic and lucid speech, the house-keeper felt that some great calamity had or was about to take place, and it was her duty to sympathize with it, whatever it was, and accordingly put her eyes to her eyes, and appeared much affected. Encouraged by this, Ned, with an apparently cruel design to harrow up her feelings, continued—

"Yes, Martha, it is too true; something has happened very dreadful, and you see before the most miserable and dejected specimen of an old bachelors the universe contains."

Martha thought it was time, so she ventured to give a little sob, and simpered—

"Dear, sir, I am very sorry, and it's a great shame, whatever it be."

"Thank you for your kindness, but it is of no avail, my peace is destroyed, orson will be, and you too must suffer with me, for the blow will fall upon us both."

At this, one round blue eye peeped curiously out and glistened, but not with tears; and as he proceeded, the apron fell, and that eye, and its mate grew rounder with astonishment and indignation.

"Yes, we are to have our happiness cast aside, our feelings disturbed, by a young, pert, luring girl, who has always lived in t' country, and has, without doubt, fiery red hair, coarse hands, and sings like a screech owl; she will be witness here, and you—"

He was indignantly interrupted by Martha who felt her dignity and position outraged by the idea of being ruled by such a creature, and she burst out with—

"Then, master Edward, this house will not be able to hold us both; and to think that after all my long years of faithful and hard service, that I should be turned out of doors by a god-for-nothing little upstart of a baby! It almost breaks my heart to think of it;" and she flung herself out of the room.

The door so opened again, and she appeared at the head of the kitchen stairs, who had been roused to rebellion by exaggerated representations in that department and they all advanced, and with set lips and frowning brows, gave notice that they should vacate their several posts on the debut of the new mistress.

Ned sat perfectly still while they delivered

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### Sabbath Reading.

#### FAME.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

What shall I do lest life in silence pass?

And if it do,

Never prompt the bray of noisy brays;

What need'st thou roar?

Remember, ay, the ocean deeps are mute;

The shallows roar;

Worth is the Ocean—Fame is but the bruit

Along the shore.

What shall I do to be forever known?

The thy day.

This did full many who yet sleep unknown—

Oh! never, never!

Thinkst thou, perchance, that they remain unknown

Whom that know'st not?

By angel-trumps the heaven's praise is blown,

Divine their lot.

What shall I do to gain eternal life?

Discharge aright

The simple duty with which each day is ripe?

Yes, with thy might,

Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise

Will life be feal,

While he, who ever acts as conscience cries,

Shall live, though dead.

**THE BETTER LAND.**

A father and mother were living with their two children on a desert island in the midst of the ocean, on which they had been shipwrecked.

They were procured, but they did not reach the height at which he stood. He saw it; and, raising his arms to heaven, he made a sign of the cross and began to approach the edge of the precipice before him. In an instant more he would have been a corpse. Thousands of people stood around, gazing with horror at the immense pile, upon which this poor man remained helpless and hopeless. Silhouettes like that of the grave reigned among the multitude. His fate seemed inevitable. Suddenly was heard a voice, "Stay a moment, my god fellow!" Pray to God Almighty, and I'll endeavor to save you?" All eyes were turned to the spot from which those sentences were uttered. A group of three men were observed, compassed peasants; two of them holding by the arms and shoulders a third, who was struggling hard to break from the hold of his friends. "Let me go, my lad," said my heart is burning within me; I cannot bear the sight of a christian soul thus perishing!" And with a powerful effort he broke loose, and darted forward.

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